

Devastation

"When The Sun Shone On Vetiver"

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When the sun shone on vetiver
When the sun shone on vetiver
When the sun shone down
Well they're silver and they're gold
Yeah they're silver and they're gold
Yeah they're silver and cold
And they're longing for the land
And they're longing for the land
For nature's forgiving hand
And we're drifting and we're sailing
And we're drifting and we're sailing
Now the sun aligns your legs
And your lips and arms and breasts
And the moon pulls wet Earth
And your branches crawl around my claws
And my leaves brush up against your arms
And we're dancing
In Thailand, my baby waits for me
In Graceland, my baby waits for me
In Spainland, my baby waits for me
In Ireland, my baby waits for me
In no lands, my baby waits for me
Waiting patiently

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